

From Letters to My Love

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From Letters to My Love

Death's Quandary

Maybe, maybe, maybe
We live in a land of make believe
Dreams come and go forever
But life clings to it's reality

Death has no bearing
An unwelcome visitor it is not
Untimely maybe so
But a natural part of living

So fear not to ask us questions
Do not be afraid of being uncertain
Ascertain the truth of life
By searching in your heart

For she still lives within us
Even though in a different form
She lives and laughs and smiles
At the quandary she has created

Seeking Signs

Slivers of light live in the night
As you cast a shadow in the midday sun
Your passing had drained the energy from my soul
But now it is coming back
Full too the brim with unexpected plentitude

A realisation that your life is not over
Has become paramount to me
For you are too beautiful a person to be wasted
On a single existence
For God in his infinite wisdom wishes to see
the persistence of beauty

So dearest love wake up to my yearning for a sign
A template of a message as my father gave to me
When I learned to transcend
Pass through the veil of silence
And shout through our corner of the universe

God's Plan

To lose you at such a young age
Was an affront
An affront to the certainty of life
An affront to all that is good
It creates a feeling of uncertainty
In the yearned for

We all seek to live within
Well defined patterns
To know what today or tomorrow
Brings
But your death shows
The God's plan is greater
Than our meagre grasp of it

Unrequited Love

My darling now that you are gone
My yearnings for you will never be assuaged
Now physical and mental yearnings
Will have to be replaced by spiritual ones

For you have become a spiritual being
A wisp of the wind, a lap of the water
You have entered the totality of creation
A beautiful component to universal being

But it does not stop me hoping and craving for you
Wishing that I could hear your voice again
I hear it in my spiritual being
But I know that will grow fainter

So love of my life hear this
Whatever corner of creation you have gone to
I too will join you in time
And we can do crosswords again

Crosswords

Your tongue peeks from your mouth
As you focus attention on a daily ritual
That is what I missed most
As we separated and divorced

Perhaps if I paid you more attention
And took my head from lofty heights
We could have stayed the course
And loved until eternity

I brought hell on earth to your door
When I simply couldn't take it any more
The four horseman clamoured in my head
And filled our house with dread

But you persisted and won out in the end
Your sense of survival put me on the mend
It took time, patience and separation
But the cross words ceased and were replaced with
respect

This took time and effort on both our parts
A silence of the chattering in our relationship
But thank you my love for being strong enough
And saving both our lives

Shoptalk

Inevitably our conversation would turn to education
You didn't like me questioning the system
You felt threatened by it
But I was a questioner at heart
I too had to play my part
And discover a way to tell the truth
Without destroying normality

Such are the ways of progress
The current state must linger
Move through from future to present to past
Then evolution is balanced
And progress is based on superfluid flow

My dear we often said
That if these walls had ears
Our kitchen would be
The most educated edifice on Earth

Shadowlands

I walked there thinking of you
Crossed over the boundary from living to dead
But this is a place never to be visited
Again

Three times I sought release from the pain of living
But each time something drew me back
Now I realise my duty is to be a father
And maybe even a grandfather

The shadowlands are best left unexplored
Occupied by ghosts of the living
Troubled souls sensitive to misfortune
A crisis lived life in daily suffering

Now it is time to effect a positive attitude
Not to let temporary despair become overwhelming
Open up our heart to the creative force of the universe
And banish shadows to the nether regions

Keep Smiling

We trawled through your boxes of photographs
And in every one you beamed out your joy
Oh! Precious lady why did I not always see that
I suppose life becomes mundane
If you let it

Looking at those photographs reminded me
Of the great times we shared
We really did enjoy life to the full

Wherever you are I'm sure that you are beaming
Perhaps a new star has just winked into existence
If so we will seek it out and know it by its brightness

You taught all of us to follow your lead
And celebrate our lives in a perfect way
Curve our lips upward and let the bliss flow

For you are a blissful being
Knowing now the true meaning of happy molecules
Unfortunately you had to leave us
For me to fully appreciate your worth

But I know that you are within my heart
And all that is required
Is for me to turn my attention gently within
And I hear you whispering 'hon'

Favourite Place

The cauldron sits in a quite glen
A few miles from Carraigh an Droichead
A place I visited more than once

One time in midwinter
With snow deep on the ground
I stopped in a pub
Before launching into song
Singing my own song
I left a dubious gathering
And wandered in the snow

Again I returned another midwinter's night
A night of three alignments
To launch my book of verse
In an old druidic place
A place where druids once gathered
Three of us recreated their song
Accompanied by a drumbeat

Once on a summer's evening
I decided to bathe in the crystal waterfall
Looking up I saw an astonished professor
Looking down and into the past
He saw a druid step out of history
Unashamedly naked enjoying the waters
Of a favourite place

Too Soon

You were taken from us before
The cock crew in the morning
The day had just begun
When you were struck down
In an instant

My beloved
Your life was just beginning again
After the loss of your best friend
Your travelling partner
To many a far field

The train of joy had barely left the station
With you a passenger on it
When the whistle sounded
And death visited your carriage
The whistle replaced by the tolling funerary bell

Later in time would have been preferable
But we must live with the knowledge
That you were living life to the full
You had fulfilled life's journey
And strolled to the other side of the universe

A Listening Job

You spend your days listening to others
A pious vocation in these impious times
Litanies of pain and suffering
Are laid bare in your parlour
How do you endure
What is your secret
Tell me please for I need your steadiness
I need to be ready for a new life
A new beginning without a wife
For she is dead now
And I am in dread now
I fear the future without her wistful smile
Visiting me once in every short while
Will talking with you make me see reason
And gain succour to survive another season
Please lend me your ear
So that I may listen to my own heart
Listen to the love that flows
Sundering today's reality
To create a new loving future
With my very own self
Renewed and forgiven

Non-Jury Trial

You were always so proud of the fact
That you could never serve on a jury
You had not become corrupted by life
And you could not bring this corruption
Into your work

I was called for jury service once
Empanelled for a week in the court room
I never had to serve on an individual case
So I too did not have to face the corruption
And let it seep into my life

Not that there is anything wrong
With the judicial system
It's just that
It is outdated as a means of preventing crime
Far better to use consciousness based methods
Then see the demolition of every courthouse on Earth
And the eradication of criminality in all its forms

Then we can really see a bright future
A future full of bliss
That simple essence so dear to every human heart

Encircling Ireland

Some years ago I returned to Allihies
For the first time since our disaster
It was so pleasant a journey and again
I camped on the beach
Fished and caught a bass
Met the locals in a pub
Was invited home for grub
They noticed me because even then
I was writing poetry
This was during my circumnavigation
Of our holy island

Later I climbed our highest mountain
With our only son
A group of us climbed up the grey place
To the summit adorned with a cross
While on the top I recited my version of
Dán Amerigáin
Reputed to be Ireland's first poem
And Con our guide told the story
Of the invasion of the Milesians

The journey petered out in Galway
As I camped in Eyre Square and
Participated in an occupation
Of that wonderful place
What genuine people I met
Young people who wanted
To make a difference in a considered way

From Letters to My Love

It had started in
The occupation of Cork
With the clap of cymbals
A buddhist prayer
And a rendition of
Ciúin le Míúin

What a wonderful island we live on
Wonderful places
Wonderful people
Let us not forget that
As we rush headlong
Into the future

Warm Friends

We walk about looking down at the cobbles
Eyes averted to escape the penetrating gaze
Ashamed at our insecurity
We lapse into moments of solitude

Look up I say to you and enjoy the day
For tomorrows night may never come
And life's too short to be glum
Resist depression

For she was never once depressed in her life
Never knew a day without joy
Lived life in blissful ignorance
Of suffering

Not that life did not throw its share of burdens
Loads she bore with patience and forbearance
She shared some with friends
And as such lived a better life than most

So now that her time has past
She will remain exemplar to all
Of a life lived simply
Supporting and supported by friends

A Conversation

So now my talking goes nowhere
You have no means to respond
At least not in the physical realm
The response must be more subtle
Inner knowledge expressing itself
Through intuition
The language of the soul

Luckily I am well practiced in such
Nearly thirty years transcending
Gives me a feel for the subtle reality
But still my attention wanders
The language of the soul is so gentle
That it easily remains unheard

So talk to me my darling
Whisper sweet nothings to my heart
Nourish me with your love
For I need your support
In this time of sorrow

Then we can begin a proper dialogue
Whispering to each other
The truths of eternity

Poetics - The King Of Language

Language structures the brain
And in turn is formed by the brain
Words are formed by the brain physiology
From faint impulses in consciousness
This is a self referral process
And relies on the innate structure of the universe

Every brain is capable of tapping in to this
 cosmic process
Is capable of becoming truly self referral
Once it is trained to transcend the daily reality
And enter the field of pure unbounded intelligence
The fundamental reality which underlies the totality

Then the brain physiology becomes invincible
Every thought, word and deed
Is supported by the myriad laws and tendencies
 in nature
And every action expresses the poetics of language
In a kingly fashion

Opening Up

It was funny to sit on the chair again
Glass of water in hand
And relay the sad tale of your death
To a man of compassion

He allowed me time to sniffle a bit
As I related your sad demise
I felt so special as I sat in the chair
Another being paying close attention

The tears ebbed and flowed
Not great waves
Just like the tide on a pebbled beach
A susurrant in the background

He shared his own story of the death of his parents
Illustrated the stages of grief from experience
He is such a gentle soul
That I too shed a tear

So now the process has begun
I need have no more trepidation
Tears may fall or not, my heart may open or close
To accept solace from where ever it comes

Struggling Through

My mind is addled with fear
No thoughts come from within
Yet words flow onto the page
With practised skill

The energy of writing
Flows with perfection
When you listen to your soul
All makes sense

Life is a battlefield
Caught between opposing forces
Creative energy flourishes
By reference to itself

Curving back in to my own self
I pick up the essence of creation
And produce wonder lines
Even in the face of adversity

Confusion Reigns Supreme

You are dead and my heart breaks
Normal service is suspended
As we try to come to terms with
Your passing

Oh! My dear where do we put our trust
When one so young as you can be taken
Taken in the prime of your life
Taken to the bosom of a selfish God

First there was denial that this was happening
We sought to run away from the truth
Then our minds were sent into a spin
As we viewed the grim reality

I tried to initiate a rosary
But my mouth was unable to form
The well known words
Others continued on and fought through the confusion

Now at one removed, that is a distant time
And confusion has been replaced with a
Dull acceptance
You are dead now so get on with it

Light A Penny Candle

It doesn't take much to go to a Church
Search in a pocket for loose change
And perform an act of remembrance
Light from another
The little flame of love

For such is your existence now
Nourished by love
And simple acts of kindness
You exist as a flame on a pedestal
A flame among many others who have passed

This is one thing I can do to keep the contact
Light a flame every day
And give you the chance
To come and have your say
Inscribing light with your love

For you exist in the light now
The light of God's love
Surrounds you
My dear I miss you
I don't know where I am

A Mother's Love

No one knows the depth of their passion
The absolute power they possess
To protect
To nourish
To love
Their progeny

For they will go beyond any rational thought
If anyone seeks to harm in any way
Their beloved child
Their most beloved offspring
The product of their inner being

For motherhood must be one of
God's greatest gifts
A real challenge in this day and age
Balancing everything to maintain stability
In a hectic life

I'm glad to have met you both
My wife
My mother
Two special ladies in my life

Warrior Lady

You shoot through the stars
On a mighty steed composed of cosmic dust
For you have become a celestial being
You have transcended normal reality
To assume your rightful place
In the universe

Many mourned your passing
Many tears were shed
Gracious people paid their respects
To you, in response to your deep
And caring nature

I know this, as I spent many years with you
You defended your being with tenacity
And fought to maintain dignity against all odds
My dearest, dearest, love
If only you were here again
Perhaps everything could have been different

Simple Sums

We sat around the kitchen table and planned
Plotting the next phase of education
Pete, Jim and myself
Dedicated to knowledge

Our efforts were fruitful in that
We exposed the potential
For a new approach to mental computation
An approach known then as simple sums

For mathematics is not all logic
Logic forms a very small part of it
Mostly it is skill in applying
Simple rules mirroring the actions of the brain

You brought it in to your school
And proved the benefit to shy students
They enjoyed knowing non-standard techniques
Ways to brighten the brain

We made a presentation to department inspectors
And they suggested a computerised approach
Thus the animation techniques were developed
And animathics was born

Not enough support in the end
For so subtle an idea
But the next generation can run with it
And create math with smiles

Mountain Glory

The peloton had reached the Pyrenees
When I was called from the television
To assist in the delivery of our baby
So tiny, and yet, you were so tiny
You bore your pregnancy with joy
For a few days you were on cloud nine
It was as if you were on a high
Your doctor met you on the corridor
And said you should be resting
You smiled and said you had to visit
Your sister in law
Unfortunately the glory did not last
As your father died
But you bore that with great dignity
The true spirit of a mountaineer
Rising to the challenges of life
With all conquering energy
Now, thirty years later
We concelebrate those times
When we remember you
At your most courageous

Citronella

Your favourite fragrance
The bugs always seemed
To target your fair skin
A skin I cherished for its silky smoothness

How I loved your touch
You had the most delicate hands
Delicate in size and shape
Delicate in actions
As you caressed me
To my very soul

Now this is just a memory
But one so precious
That I will cherish it
To eternity

Inner Music

We communicate at some many levels
Saying sweet things to each other
But the tone of voice is so important
Soft, mellow and strong

I heard a voice yesterday
A voice I had forgotten
Cultured tones from the depth of being
He comforted me in my grief

Now I must remember your tone
For that is all I have to hear
The music of your being
The essence of your existence

Before Your Time

Why were you taken so young
You had not the pleasure of growing old
You had not become a grandmother
A task you would have cherished

At least you were a grandaunt
And what a lady you must have been
I know what that feels like
As I have met my grandees

You were barely retired
With myriad plans for the future
They all involved art in some form
Your secret pleasure

You made up for the fact
That art was not your primary degree
To young you said to go to college
But now surpassing most

The time for recognition has come
When your art will hang together
And people will truly realise
That you were an artist of our time

Take It Easy

The task at hand now is to cherish your memory
Not to be selfish in my writing
To allow you due and careful consideration
It is so easy for me to dominate your memory
And all this becomes about my own ego
I will try my best to cherish you
As you would have wanted
With dignity and restraint

A Song Of Loss

The symphony of song sings for thee
A chorus of angels lights up our heart
For you are newly joined to the celestial throng
Newly enthroned in the kingdom of heaven

My dear look down on us when you get a chance
Those of us who have been left askance
Knocked out of our comfortable lives
Asking questions for which no answers come

Tears will not wash away the loss
Anger does no good at all
Words sculpted in a heartfelt way
Seem to have a comfortable say

For you are missed dearly
There is no cheerful memory
Which can compensate us
For your death

Heed Advice

Open your ears to the advice of others
Do not live in a solitary bubble
For others can see the pain
Etched on your face
Otherwise you may face a great challenge
Greater even than my death
Listen to me my love
And take care of your health
For you are now my factor
In our boys life
He needs you now more than ever
Although he may not say it
For he is a man now
And will not always show his face
So fair thee well my love
Heal well and run tall
Look out for yourself
Then life will be a ball

Foot Sore

A week to ten days had passed as I wore bad shoes
Normally they would be ok
But these were not normal times
It slipped from my mind the advice
We had been given
To wear appropriate shoes at all times
Mine caused a blister on the sole of my foot
Which I ignored
Until two nights ago when my foot swelled
Then I began to realise the seriousness
Of the situation
But now my foot is bound professionally
And I'm on antibiotics
These will help to heal the soul
Of a weary traveller

Heartstrong

Thank you for your wilfulness my love
You warned me of the seriousness
Of my situation
Comparing it to your death
This time I could not ignore you
As I ignored you many times before

Oh! What a patient lady you were
And me ignorant of your pain
You never once spoke harsh words
In the face of my ignorance

So let me now say sorry my love
For any crass and stupid things
I may have done
For I was just acting out
The uncertainty of abuse

Abuse knows no end
And continues for a lifetime
Hurting those closest
To a cherishing heart

Now that you are gone my love
There is little I can say
Or do
Except shed a tear
For a wondrous heart

Bereft Of Fun

Normally at this time of day
I would scan the TV listings
To see if there was anything on
But now I find them most uninteresting
Television life seems so unreal
In the face of this new reality

Are you gone to a place
With such communication
Or does mental telepathy rule
So many questions I yearn for
Answers not forthcoming
From God's paradise

Does this poetry come from you
Do you inform my intuition
These words are formed in my heart
A heart filled now with sorrow
Not a crushing sorrow
But sweet and exquisite to your loss

I know another day will come
When your loss dims
And I can shine a light on joy
And have fun again
But for the moment
I lie quietly bye

Beaming Words

The words flow out of nowhere
From uncreated to created
Expressed through a living vessel
God's message is heralded
For we are all a product of his grace
Simple words occupying a place
In time they express great emotion
Sorrow enfolds itself within a notion
This cannot be happening we say to you
She is gone and there is nothing to do
What will these words accomplish
At the end of time
Rise up now my dear for it is true
Let me help you express your joy
The end of days are nigh
We can relax with a sigh
It is all a dream
She'll walk through the door with a beam

Forgive Me My Love

Now that you are gone from us
You know the full picture
You have entered the state of all knowingness
You have transcended time, past, present and future
And are become one with God
The supreme cosmic intelligence which rules
the universe
You have added a sweet note of compassion
To God's realm

So listen to me my love
Listen to my heartfelt pleading
Forgive my crass and stupid behaviour
Behaviour I know which hurt you
And drove you to action
Action which caused you to separate
From your one true love

But we became friends again
You respected my reconciliation with life
I became as you remembered me
A kind sensitive human being

Blocked Words

Oh! My dear the words are reluctant to flow
There is a blockage in the creative process
My mind is all askew at your loss

I can feel the thoughts flowing within
But the pain in my heart seizes
The exuberance of expression

Dear God my mind gasps
How could you have taken her
And she with a long life to lead

Now it is up to me to fulfil
Life's dream
My love you would never forgive me
For wallowing in despair

The Loss Of Love

My love you have left this earth pining
For another glimpse of you
Just a beam of your smile
Would be enough
But your time was through
You had completed in your shortened life
A myriad of things
Made many friends and succoured too
So now that you are gone
We shall have to persist without you
And get on with
Remembering and honouring your life

A Reluctant Ear

You always heard them first
As I recited day after day
A litany of words
Expressed from deep within

I had no other audience
So you were elected
A willing or unwilling accomplice
To my versification

Then one night a brainwave struck
Go to the nearest radio and recite
There I met Zeke
Who relieved you of your duty

Other places followed as I gained confidence
That yes I had something to say
And there were people willing to listen
Are you listening now

A Spiritual Gem

I went down to West Cork to write
And came back with a gemstone
A little piece of knowledge
Bestowed upon me by Mair

For my mind was crushed
With academic pursuits
Seven long years
Of a strained mental race

Gradually my mind relaxed
As I polished the precious stone
Twice a day
Polished it until it sheened
Throughout my soul

Now decades later
I reap the reward
As I mourn for you
But not overwhelmed

A Scottish Journey

We crossed by ferry to Stranraer
Unsure of travelling through
A fractured part of our country
Where we found a yellow stained pub

With a ladies room fit for a queen
You were crowned
And had become
My queen of compassion

Next day we crossed the Clyde
Ten miles short of Glasgow
And took the Oban road
Destined for a familiar place

From Oban we crossed to Mull
And wondered at the long horned cattle
A village with the name of Tralee
Reminded me of home

We saw a kidnapped place
A golden eagle in the sky
The holy island of Irish saints
And many scampi shops

Then we moved on to Skye
Felt immediately at home
Listening to a familiar Irish band
Playing gently from a stand

From Letters to My Love

Stein it was we were in
And we marvelled at
The cliffs abruptly falling
Into a quiet sea

Then back to Edinburgh we went
Found lodgings cheap to rent
Were blessed in those festival days
With a room under the castle

There is more of this story to tell
And it will keep for another day
The honey month we spent in Scotland
To start our life of play

Nature's Love

Looking into the past I see you smiling
Always with a beaming aspect on your face
Never a dull frown
Oh! Where did we go wrong

For our love was due to last
From now until eternity
Invincible in the face of life
Never missing a heartbeat

But we changed with life's changing seasons
Inevitable entropy took hold
Like a dull beat in the morning
Sounding its destructive knell

For nature's forces are powerful
Whether physical, mental or spiritual
And a stone cast in the morning
Ripples its effects till evening

So watch out all who care
Danger lurks everywhere
Be vigilant in the face of life
Then you'll remain husband and wife

Cúpla Focail Dhuit

Mo chailín dílis cá bhfuil tú

D'éag tú go tobann

Táimid cailte le d'imeacht

Tá brón an cruinne orainn

Tá tú chun teacht ar ais

Nuair atá tú reidh

Fan socair go dtí sin

Gheobhaidh muid faoiseamh uait

A Common Passing

Just one of many that happened that day
You passing has affected us in many a way
You took fright with our heart
Breaking pieces into every little part
Oh! My dear where are you gone
Is there nothing we could have done
To alleviate your pain
And helped you to gain
Sustenance enough to stay
We had another game to play
Now it is just another story
To tell how you entered glory
And walked the stairway of light
With nary another fight
How common a sight it was
To lose you to death

Christmas Lights

Under the darkling sky we saw
Three lights at Christmas
Out the back porch
Of Nana's house

The lowest light was white
Higher than that was red
And then highest of all
Out of this earth was starlight

Three kings you said will come tonight
Our baby is safe in the manger
Tucked within the bosom of my family
In the house in Bothernasup

Taking A Long View

This is a much more complex process
Than I had anticipated
The task of coming to terms with your death
Handling your personal emotional legacy
In a way that is both honest and fair
For I must be fair to both of us
We were not a perfect couple
We had our problems
From an early stage
So I must take precautions
To seek the truth
Please help me to
There is no other way forward

Conflicting Tendencies

When the rosy glow of first love has faded
The truth of our situation blossomed
We were from opposite tribes
Used to different rules

Your's were bound to a tradition of meals
Mine to rambling wheels
I sought to bring my tradition with me
Whenever we were under your family tree

But you were uncompromisingly stubborn
We must be back for dinner or else
We would upset
Long held family traditions

Unbending rules honed over decades
Every family has them
You never complained in my domain
At least I never heard you

An Emotional Edifice

My whole physiology expresses a thought
Feels an emotion at its most refined
Then brings it into awareness
Where it is made conscious to my mind

At present my body is pining
Feeling guilty at your loss
Resisting the urge to open up
And speak plainly

When a word is mistaken
Assumed to be one way rather than another
Then I too will be adjudged
A criminal in an emotional trial

These no doubt are complex issues
To intricate for me to process consciously
Better leave it to my subtle self
Much more in touch with truth and beauty

For these are what I hope for
To pick up the most refined feelings
And expressed them with sculpted words
Shaped with care and diligence

Scattered To The Four Winds

I had a vision of the place I will scatter
The ashes of these letters
A symbolic place to me
As I celebrated a midwinter's dawn
The last year we were together
I flurried on a bus to catch the rising sun
As it rose over South Kerry
Across a glistening sea

I stood on a high cliff
And hurriedly lit a fire
A symbol of the knowledge
Burning in my soul

This point, the furthest west in Ireland
Is steeped in magic, mystery and tradition
A fitting place to light a fire of knowledge
Designed to banish the night

For this will be my offering
To you my dearest love
Before these letters take their wings
And flirt about on changing winds

Sunday Dinner Service

We used to enjoy going out on a Sunday
A service of roast beef with all the trimmings
Over looking the sea at Bunnyconellans

Many times we went there
With Michael and Liz
Friends from academia

Then a little bundle of joy arrived
You nourished him in Myrtleville
Watching a match which Mayo didn't win

Later he tried our patience
As we sought to share dinner
On a Mothering Sunday

He was just expressing the natural
Tendencies of a young child
Hemmed in by a wall of adult conversation

Now he himself goes back there
To enjoy a Sunday roast
The next generation following suit

An Island Dance

We didn't know what to expect
In our national theatre
A group made up of locals
Well practiced many years
They told an island story
At the edge of our awareness
Next parish is America
To where many islanders fled
A harsh life it must have been
Told skilfully in song and dance
Stories of simple pleasures
Stories of sorrowful gales
For children they did die there
When no doctor came
And all who lived have now gone
To a better abode
There are stirrings now as fresh blood
Occupy houses anew
And for at least a six month time
Voices echo with song and rhyme

Empty Hours

When you left us we searched for you
Looking into the past we remembered
The bright spirit you once were

You occupy our daily thoughts
Not constantly, but enough
To light a vast stadium

Now that I'm on my own
I must divert my nagging attention
Or else your screaming beaming reality
Will drown me in sorrow

How long will this last
Can anyone tell
How long until I heal
And ne'er hear death's knell

Early Morning Blues

I get up early to write you a letter
Expressing feelings to make me better
But nothing will lift my spirit
Out of a dull feeling of loneliness

Alone I plough this furrow
Feeling frustrated at my lack
Of any type of inspiration
Words created with perspiration

Dear God! Let this nightmare end
Propel me to heaven
Let me talk honestly with you
To lift the blue mood this morning

Searching For You

I peer into the nether regions of my soul
Seeking a spark of light
Seeking your image
Seeking to speak with you
But no light comes forth from the darkness
Your image is bereft of form
And your voice shimmers in silence
My dearest love you are gone from us
We who persist in the land of the living
Wake up to our yearning for thee
And fulfil our dearest wish

Confusion Reigns

I am living in a kingdom of trouble
All about me problems bubble
It is my own personal attitude
That casts a shadow over life

I feel sorry for myself, but no regret
Can make up for your loss
You have gone to a far better place
Filled up with members of the human race

Please dear love help me shoulder this burden
Bestow upon me some rays of light
Lift from my heart the feelings of night
Let me reap the reward of having known thee

My head spins with a constant longing
My heart seeks your belonging
For you brought calm to our centre
Bubbling bliss you allowed to enter

Now after all this trouble and strife
Feeling low at the loss of a wife
A glimmer of hope will shine within
Resolving now and forever to win

Thunder Mountain

Let's go for a walk I said
And see our highest mountain
As we rested in the pool one morning
In the holiday village at Fossa

You weren't the greatest swimmer
And paddled in the pool
Barely trusting me to hold your hand
As your head dipped in the water

Later you got a dose of further immersion
In a mountain stream
Slipping off a rock with boot and sock
It wasn't funny you said as we both laughed

That was a day of torrential rain
Claps of thunder resounding
About Hag's glen and lakes therein
A day of thunder in Omagh

Stilted Words

This writing is slow and reluctant in coming
Where once words dripped with meaning
They are now shocked into being
Emerging from the essence of solitude
With guarded aspects

Only in verse does freedom roam
Free verse so as not to be burdened
With counting syllables on a rope
Or finding rhyme
Or suitable mime

Now my efforts are not great
The river of emotion is in full spate
But yet I pick up the odd thought
From the market place yet to be bought
Now it ends

An Emblem Of Birth

You smiled when I gave you the golden leaf
Not a four leafed clover of Irish design
But three as in the emblem of Canada
Why this I do not know
But it was bought in a rush
Together with various other
Accoutrements
For a new baby
You gave me a list and I was
A little embarrassed
But the lady smiled at me and knew
A new arrival was heralded
The maple leaf is thirty years old now
Just like our son
One hasn't changed the other has grown tall
From a tissue box, to a six footer
One you were most proud of
The other you wore with pride
Until you died

A Passion Of Words

I listen to my heartbeat looking for inspiration
The welling words sing within my awareness
Now I can select with judicious care
Nouns and verbs, emotions laid bare

Oh! How do I manage to convey
The feelings I am bound to obey
My powers of discernment are sullied
Emotionally fraught with laboured pains

Now that your passing is almost normal
The depth of pain has eased
The drip drip of tears has ceased
And words flow with exquisite bliss

It is becoming easier
To listen to the language of my soul
And hear a heartbeat's murmur in the morning
Flowing to overflowing with conscious care

So for now I look within with joy
Remembering once we were girl and boy
Life was new to us, a toy
And our passion didn't make us coy

Now so much older in age
Consumed by the world like onion and sage
Words still drip with meaning
And passion is but a memory

Stranger My Love

The marriage space
Is a funny place
Occupied by two people
Closer together than evermore
Lumps, bumps and every sore
We were a couple in wedded bliss
With chances of joy I'd never miss
So now your gone, I realise
That you I didn't know
You were a stranger to me
Even on your death

Hidden Places

I met him in a hostel in Baltimore
Top of the hill up from the shore
A tall man by name of Torsten
Running things with German efficiency

I stayed for a week
Glad of shelter I needn't seek
The weather was bad, snow on the ground
After twenty five miles, roads I did pound

One night he approached me in the pub
Wondering where I was going next
Nowhere planned I said to him
I've an idea he responded

So next day we climbed aboard his jeep
And headed to the mountains deep
Near to where there lived a man
Considered a guru in his head

He took me in and gave me a bed
In little more than a summer shed
I paid for it by taking down
A poly tunnel red with rust

Three weeks I stayed there
With a daily grind
Morning chanting in a church
Self proclaimed a holy man

From Letters to My Love

It was a strange experience to me
Deep in the Gaeltacht of West Cork
A Dutch man living a vedic life
Hiding away from all the strife

Eventually I left his place
And took again another space
In fortune's house in Skibereen
I found a place to vent my spleen

A Long Winter's March

It started in a pub in Clonakilty
Where I had gone in for a pint of lonely comfort
For the first time I was on my own
After twenty five years together
A voice caught my attention
'Why don't you join us?' she said
A young girl by my reckoning
I stayed put for a while then realised
This was just what I needed
A bit of company to jolt me
We had a great night and I was offered
A couch rather than a cold beachside plot
In the morning I headed on my way
And walked throughout a winter's day
My purse was empty and I had no food
But walk I did, I was in the mood
For ten hours or more I carried my pack
And sought a place to lay my sack
Then just before Skibbereen's bright light
I spotted a place to spend the night
The ground was frozen with the snow
A tin of beans made my stomach glow
'Till morning and I had a blast
A full Irish twice did break my fast
The march was finished
And I was glad
My heart was nourished
And I wasn't sad

The Loss Of Innocence

There are many stories told of the effect
Abuse has upon a child
As their warped identity grows
Into adulthood
In my case the greatest of all
Was that loss forever of the
Innocence endowed by personal touch
You restored it with great sensitivity
And I thank you for this my love
From every fibre of my being

Memories Of Love

I sat again and talked of you
The effect you had on my life
A shy sensitive person you were
All except one night
When dangerous liaisons inspired you
To really love me
Oh! How precious that was
A single night of wanton abandon
My dearest I love you for it
Please bring these memories back to me
So that I can hang them on a tree

The End Of Loss

Your loss is a blunt forced trauma
To my psychic body
My spiritual being yearns for truth
Are you happy
Are you sad
Are you alone
Are you, are you, are you, ...
So many questions
No answers
Dear God will it ever end

A Simple Life

Living with you was very special
You had such a simple view
No great thoughts on anything
Just get on with the process in hand
How do you live now
Is it similar

Cloud Dancer

You had such dainty feet
My sister still comments on them
Barely fitting in to children shoes
Was how she remembers

How they could support you
I never knew
Especially when you had the operation
In preparation for our wedding

Oh! My dear how could you
Go through such pain for me
You really were remarkable
A liberating soul and free

Free of the travails of life
You inspired all who met you
Now with your passing day
You dance in the clouds

Getting Bye

How quickly life moves on
We all adhere to living
With great tenacity
Death is no stranger to us
Visiting us through your auspices
It is getting easier to talk about it
No welling tears
No sorrowful feelings
But a simple sense of loss
My darling
We all miss you
But are glad you didn't linger
For such a life
You would not
Have wanted

Cosmic Influence

For some reason I feel deflated
The interview went well
But I'm not elated
Perhaps I will move there
Perhaps I will not
It's all in the hands of the gods now

But you have an influence in this
Greater ever than mine
Let us hope that your influence
Succeeds where mine fails
For you are become powerful
Enough to move the universe

When you speak the universe shudders
You command the voice of God
Your compassion influences all things
Truth and beauty are your middle names

So now assume your confident stride
Walk tall among the angels
Whisper great things in the ear
Of those who decide

Imperfection

Now that I have admitted my past
I feel somewhat better
We all have things we would like
To keep hidden
We all have lapses of memory
That in the moment
We regret
Now that I have come forth to you
Will you support me in forgetting
Erasing the official memory
If there is one
And letting your light shine on my soul

Forgive Me A Sinner

Dear Lord forgive me a sinner
I did not mean to do these things
Throughout my life
I did not mean to transgress
And create havoc
I did not mean to tell
A small lie
A sin of omission
Please Lord forgive me a sinner

For I am an imperfect soul
I wend my way through life
As best I can
My whole being was sinned against
Whilst very young
And I carry those scars upon me
So please Lord forgive me a sinner

A Culpable Life

Let us not regret the breaking of the day
Let us live without the sorrow
Beating our breast is not the way
To alleviate the pain of life

For heaven knows we all make mistakes
No one has the ideal formula
To live a life free of blame
And thereby have perfection on our plate

So my dear what secrets did you harbour
Was there anything you regretted in life
Or were you as you seemed
A blameless person in perfection

Scribble Scrabble

Early in the morning I search for words
Drag them up from the depths of memory
Nice words if I can find them
Honest words at least

Oftentimes I shirk from expressing
The truth as I see it
To honour your memory is my goal
Not to go raking and raking

Please my dear let me find a way
To represent our lives together
To let you have a say
So that our beautiful life may shine

The University Of Compassion

I entered the room as a shadow
Not knowing what to expect
Who are these people
That I had become one of

Tom cocked an eye
From under his cap
I didn't know him then
But he became a good friend

We travelled together
Like Indian scouts
Him to the front, big chief
Me behind, little man

Gradually their magic worked
As I came back from the brink
Of suicidal thoughts
And seemed happy for a while

After three months I left the room
Convinced that I had graduated
But other trials happened
And I was never redeemed

Today I travel my own road
Seeking counsel with friends or others
Always aware that should I need it
There is a room for me there

Burning Brightly In The Night

There is a place in my heart that is owned by you
A special place that few have ever seen
For you were known to be joyous beyond repair
Never a dull mood did cross your awareness
How could I have been so foolish
To take you for granted

My dearest, dearest love I know now
What a special person you were
What a place you occupied on Earth
To aid, comfort and listen to others
Always ready to laugh or cry
To help a friend

To me you were like a lustrous flame
Burning brightly in the night
And me a lowly moth
Burned I did become by your fierce temperament
Your resolute adherence to what you saw as right
Never to be turned from your own perfection

A Longing Heart

There is a longing in my heart today
A deep resounding victory over death
For you are passed on to somewhere new
A deep deep colour of cerulean hue

My dear, my love, I can hear you still
Within my heart your voice resounds
You inform my waking moments
And nighttime fetters are unbroken

For now I seek you in the day
When quiet times they are upon me
I dream of thee in every way
And listen to my soul chattering

It is not easy to let you go
Even though we lived apart
My heart yearned to be near thee
Now that will never be

So rest me dear by god you earned it
Sing with the angels clear
I will remember you for all my life
My dear and loving departed wife

An Angelic Being

Where does the time go
When you are young it seems that there is plenty
But as the years accumulate it grows more precious
There is only so much in the land of the living
But for those who have passed there seems an eternity
So my dear you have entered the road of truth
For you there can no longer be any uncertainty
You commune with the angels
And are consumed with joy

Universal Journey

We have become so busy
With barely time to think and talk
Flitting about the world
Predetermined routes to walk

We live in such a changed world
All the boundaries are coming down
Where once stood nation states
They are now lead only by a clown

But deeper forces are at work
Powers totally in tune with nature
They will construct a heavenly abode
Within the confines of our earth

Perhaps then you will come back
Of this I can't be sure
You are on your own journey
Through the universe on tour

Keeping Things Private

Secrets are not the same as privacy
The former is a strict thing
The latter one of decency
When we wish to explore a relationship
We do so with a delicate memory
Especially if one party is deceased
For they no longer have a voice
In this realm of ours
We must be gentle
To give them a choice
So now my mind is made up
A private thought is king
With this you can gently sing

Dawn Yawn

Oh! Dear God why can't I sleep
My attention keeps popping
In and out of consciousness
Even though I am sleepy
A state of restful alertness
Eludes me
Even now I am yawning
As I desperately seek succour
Before the dawning

Writing Thoughts Of Love

I arise early in the morning to inscribe my heart
On the pages of my diary of love
With all the truth I can muster
I transform vague feelings of emotion
Into pure thoughts of you

You were such a beautiful creature
Bubbling with effervescent life
Even in the face of great adversity
You never lost your poise
Never once did you despair

Oh! Dearest love
Rest well in your new abode
I am so lucky to have known you
You brightened the lives of so many
And all who knew you shed a tear

The Long Road To Nowhere

Life is a wandering journey
Through an uncertain valley
With a river running through it
A wild river full of whirlpools
A calm river with meadows passing by
A beautiful river soothing to the soul

The river leads from source to sea
Wanders along from birth till death
Just like life passing through
Never knowing what to expect
Never knowing what's 'round the corner
Never knowing when bliss will come

We do not fully appreciate life
Except when it is over
So we should cherish this long road
From very hazy beginnings
To a very definite end
Enjoy the trip around the next bend

Come Back To Me My Love

Where , oh! Where, oh! Where
Are you gone to
Where in the cosmos is your abode
For heaven is an uncreated place
And you are living now in space

I feel you near, I feel you far
You live within the confines
Of a jar
Tumbling through the spatial inter dimension
You know the physics of life to its very end

So come back to me my love
And tell me all there is
The story of creation from first to last
The whispered dream you had from God's awareness
So I too may dream a new reality

A Peeking Concentration

There is a simple thing you did
Which makes me laugh still
Poke you tongue through you teeth
To show a much determined will

Crosswords simplex soduko
Were your empassioned train
Resolving to succeed in ways
To fortify your brain

Oh! How much you concentrated
Peeking through your teeth
That tongue of your's most natural
Gave glory to you always

Gathering Dust

I searched for my previous work
In the archive and found a treasure
Work I had forgotten
Just sitting there
Waiting to be found
And mined

For these were not the ramblings
Of a fool
They were put there by another being
In a heightened state of consciousness
A trove of knowledge
The beginnings of a book

So now it is time to lift them
Out of the history of their past
And transform them into
A reasonable tome

Otherwise they will gather dust
And never see the light of day
And that would be a pity
For pity it will not be
As I plant the knowledge tree

It's A Boy

Oh! Dearest love what can I say
I seem at a loss today
It is so short a time
To celebrate in rhyme
Your momentous undertaking

For you singularly achieved
The moment you conceived
A beautiful bouncing baby boy
Small enough to be a toy
What a great gift from God

Now grown large he make's his way
Through the world and has his say
He's become a man you see
Tall and strong he'll always be
What a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful boy

Time Flies

By god, this life is tenacious
Urging us on to live to the full
All the days that we have
Do not dally or dawdle
Kick the ball down the street
Be swift on your feet
Run as fast as you can
Hurry up, don't be the man
to be slow
It's hard to think that
Not even a month has passed
Since you died
I'm tongue tied

Mixed Messages

Dearest, dearest, dearest love
Why does it make no sense
Your gone from us
Now and forever
The living ties did sever

I feel like crying every day
But fight it the world away
The tears will do no justice
To your most august choice

Now that I'm feeling sad for you
And complex mishmash happy too
At least you didn't suffer
I offered as a buffer
To the pain of losing you

Moving On

It is time to consider the future
To adapt life to your passing
To effect a change in daily rhythms
To begin to live again

For we can only mourn for so long
Our awareness would not tolerate
A prolonged period of deep reflection
The tolling of a bell

So now my dear will I move on
To pastures new in life
Move on but ne'er forgetting
My glad and beauteous wife

A Loving Wife

I accept your loss within my life
My grateful and forgiving wife
Although together we would never be
I do not like to be living free

For you were then of much renown
To always smile and never frown
There is a sacred simple text
A prayer to God you'd say

Now deep within my own dear dream
I knew we'd make a living team
To bring in to the world of ours
A wonder to the lord, a boy

Now, that he's fully grown in life
Thinking 'tis time to get a wife
I ask you for the blessing day
With vows of love they both do say

To Sleep Or Rest

When do we sleep, when do we rest
That is a question for the best
Now that you are gone
The difference is the same
For eternity there is a game
Of life
Now that I experience slumber
In the shadow of the dark
I feel the sorrow of your going
Deep within my heart
And wish you were only
Sleeping

The End Of Dreams

I wished that I could dream
So that all would seem
Well
Now that heaven's door is open
I can look inside my dreams
To get a feeling of
The beauty of
This place
To conjure joy
It is a ploy
To fool myself that all is well
When it's not
As you are gone and never will
Return

Memories Of You

My dearest love you were my wife
My intimate partner in this life
No one else did touch my soul
As easily as you

For you were such a special being
A smiling spiritual freeing
Unencumbered was your day
And night you slumbered play

Now that you are gone from us
My heartstrings weep and willow
I dream your head upon my chest
A gently moving pillow

Oh! Now my dear I do accept
Your passing it is true
You lived a brilliant life for us
You ate the daily stew

Now once in motion I set my mind
These words I hope to do you kind
My memories precious are to me
I hang them on my wishing tree

Fulfilling Desire

Now I must fulfil your greatest desire
To be an active means of expression
To be a facility with words
To be the sound you cannot make

For you are silent now my love
Your voice will never more be heard
Your beautiful art serves as a legacy
Your friendliness revered by all

Oh! Dear love I miss you so
The end of the day especially
The end of the night I can endure
The end of your life it came so soon

Heaven's Door

Please let us signify the breaking day
The bloom of heaven in a play
The garden of God displaying a flower
Consummate feeling with a bidding power
For we are animate you see
Fully alive and rarely free
This cosmic choice we have to make
Delivers our health for everyone's sake
And bids us dream forever more
In heaven's place we have a door

A Rich Man

I am become my own true self
That's what he said
In the middle of our session
I am become the man I always was
Full of courage, kindness and love
Never lose that he said
It is worth the riches of the universe

Ageless Girl

Oh! Dearest, dearest, dearest girl
You are still just twenty years old to me
You are still in your late twenties just
When we got married
You are still in your early thirties
When Eoghan was born
You have not aged at all
And yet you have
You have reached an eternal age
You cannot get any older

A Cosmic Marriage

Now that I sit and ponder
On your life
Our life together was made in heaven
We lived and loved as cosmic beings
Inheriting from God
The bliss of wedding bells
But reality came to soon
When we jumped over the moon
And landed in a crumpled ball
Tripped over life in a fall
And never recovered
For we were like so many
Able to love
But not suited to stay
Together
Now forever apart we will be
But in God's mind
Together and forever free

A Journey To Heaven

You know my dear I've shed a tear
For you every day of late
My mind is still getting used
To the loss of your life
You are gone from us
On a solo journey
To the other side of the universe
Started in a hearse
But now in a chariot of gold
For you are joined
To the heavenly throng
An angel in mercurial dress

A Faint Memory

My dearest I must now be honest
I do not know where that you've gone
I like to think your in heaven
But my heartstrings are doubting so
Your voice it grows as a stranger
Fainter by more everyday
Your face the image of beauty
Does dissolve like clouds in the sky
All that is left is a memory
A faint smile in the brightening day
And now that must content me
As I go about life as in play

A Melody Of Love

You sing forever in my heart
A love song that we shall never part
The glories of our lives to you
Shall echo in the chambers true
Now the day has come to say
The truth for all who hear what may
We never parted in our life
What e're the turbulence and strife
A little break was all we needed
To heal the ground so lightly seeded
With love's flowers so soon to grow
A bunch of which I carry, though
You're gone forever now my dear
I'll lightly shed a little tear
Of love

A Deep Kingdom

There is a kingdom deep within my soul
Occupied by my queen of compassion
A deeply loving gentle girl
Full up with quiet talk

It's only on a silent day
Her gentle whisper I hear to pray
Murmuring tones a richness flows
With blissful exuberance it knows

The truth of everything it does tell
A fountain of knowledge deep as a well
So if you listen to your heart
She will do her part

And come to you

When Dreams Won't Come

What do I do when sleeping lie
Awake I cannot dream
My flitting mind is bubbling
With thoughts abounding still
I do not lay in slumber deep
No joyous blissful mood
Just constant interruptions
Which nightly fails to soothe
A listening to a heart beat
With rhythmic sounds abound
Will calm the mental anguish
Sufficient for to choose a way
To gently fall asleep

The Price Of Love

There's nothing in my head to write
No brilliant words of praise
Just honest phrases in my brain
A sequence, nay a train

'Tis painful when I seek to write
And no noble thoughts do swell
For there is nothing in the dark
And swirling tumbling well

For now it seems my voice is quiet
My deep heart's silent too
Perhaps you've gone to sleep my love
Your words are glistening few

Now I wish to stop this pain
Emotions for to gain
A word or two will now suffice
To pay love's daily price

You Are Gone From Us

Now that you are gone from us
Your death it didn't cause much fuss
When tears were shed
We went to bed
And rose next day without you

For you are gone, we must obey
Life's dictum which it is to pray
To heaven's bells
With deeper wells
Of tears we have so many

Now that we've mourned your loss awhile
We faintly light a little smile
And get on through the day
A silent word we often say
To whisper in the wild

The trees are down upon their knees
A weeping willow sees
The truth is you will come again
To visit us
But when

Eternal Memory

My dearest love where are you gone
Where is your smile which beamed out so
We miss you of that I'm more than sure
The pain of loss is intimate and pure

Now that a month has passed since then
The day you awakened in an eternal glen
We're at a loss to know to do
A faint memory is all we have of you

So now I ask you to wait awhile
Linger in my mind and heart
For then I can do my part
And see you forever
'Till the end of time

Lost Letters

My dear the words go on their own
Like swords with no one to fight
Singular expressions of emotion
A lost labyrinth out of sight

We hear not all the feelings said
Deep down within a buried head
The lost souls do whisper out
An endless stream of heaven's shout

For now I'll wander in the dust
These words with knowledge seeds and rust
Do potter in a quietened place
Blossoming in a sacred space

Now there is no meaning here
No advantage permanent and clear
I've foraged in my thoughts for joy
But they are lost for now
And ever

Just A Memory

To be honest is a way of life
A certain ruse to be forged
To hide within the confines
Of an uncreated play
The murmuring of this day
Does beckon to the lonely heart
The beating whispers of the fray
Lines up in fulsome memory
For you were once alive and true
A beautiful being of incandescent hue
Now you are but a memory
Etched in my numinous bone

A Monument To Life

When I was young my innocence was robbed
In a most regretful way
Not that I noticed
For I was innocent but when
When did the certainty grow
When did the shame sow
Seeds of despair

There was a pair of them
They touched me
They touch me in my memory

But you were innocent of all this
Your innocence was infectious
It infected me with joy
I wish now it could be like a toy
And I a child playing

But no, such thoughts are not so simple
Parts of me wants a public display
A wall of names echoing the lost
Lost for a life time
What would it achieve I wonder
Such a monument to life

Memories Of You II

Opening the pages of memory
I search among half forgotten thoughts
Reminders of happy days
Sadness overwhelming too
Sifting with a well worn shoe
Kicking out the good and not so good
Enlivening life with every toe full
Glistening shining bright shining
Memories of a happy day
Now although not sad
They stop
And are replaced by the reality
You are gone
And memories are all we have

Faint Words Of Love

I find it much more of an effort
To find words in my heart
Words which express how I feel
My emotions are very settled
Not wild or sad
Not happy or mad
Just nestled in to the grove of life
Now that I have accepted your death
There is little I have to say
Except
Go well my love
Live your existence to the full
And make us proud

Last Words In Verse

Now that I must say goodbye to you
My love, my words are faint and few
There is a reticence in my verse
Emotions are grown terse
I do not wish to end
Words with meaning you'll tend
To grow in to great feeling
And let sadness graze the yellow saplings
For now everything comes to a stop
Great emotions laboured evermore
And a heart cushioned from every sore